

The SONG of SOLOMON

Song of Solomon 1

1 The King, His love to her. 5 She confesses her deformity, 7 and prays to be directed to His flock. 8 Her Beloved directs her to the shepherds' tents: 15 He praises her.

1 ¶ The song of songs which is Solomon's.
2 ¶ Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth; for Your love *is* better than wine.

3 For Your ointments *are* good for a fragrance; Your name is *as* ointment poured out; on account of this the virgins love You.

4 Draw me; we will run after You. The King has brought me *into* His chambers. We will be glad and rejoice in You; we will remember Your love more than wine; the upright *ones* love You.

5 I *am* black, but comely, O daughters of Jerusalem, like the tents of Kedar, like the curtains of Solomon.

6 Do not look at me, that I *am* black, that the sun has looked on me. My mother's sons were angry with me; they made me the one keeping the vineyards; *but* my own vineyard I have not kept.

7 ¶ Tell me, *You* whom my soul loves, where do You feed; where do You lie down at noon? For should I be as one who is veiled beside the flocks of Your companions?

8 If you yourself do not know, most beautiful among women, go out yourself in the footsteps of the flock. And feed your kids beside the dwellings of the shepherds.

9 O My love, I have compared you to My mares in Pharaoh's chariots.

10 Your cheeks *are* lovely with ornaments, your neck with strings of beads.

11 We will make for you ornaments of gold with studs of silver.

12 ¶ While the King is in His circle, my spikenard gives its fragrance.

13 A bundle of myrrh *is* my Beloved to me. *He* shall lie between my breasts.

14 My Beloved *is* to me *like* a cluster of henna in the vineyards of En-gedi.

15 Behold, you *are* beautiful, My love. Behold, you are beautiful; your eyes as doves' eyes.

16 Behold, You *are* beautiful, my Beloved; yea, pleasant. Also our couch *is* green.

17 The beams of our house *are* cedars and our rafters of firs.

Song of Solomon 2

1 The mutual love between the King and his beloved. 14 His cure for His beloved. 16 The beloved professes her faith and hope.

1 ¶ I *am* a rose of Sharon, a lily of the valleys.

2 As a lily among thorns, so *is* My love among the daughters.

3 ¶ As the apple among the trees of the forest, so *is* my Beloved among the sons. I delighted in His shadow, and I sat down; and His fruit *was* sweet to my palate.

4 He brought me to the house of wine, and His banner over me *was* love.

5 Support me with raisin cakes, refresh me with apples, for I *am* sick *with* love.

6 His left *hand is* under my head, and His right hand embraces me.

7 I adjure you by the gazelles, or by the does of the field, O daughters of Jerusalem, that you not stir up, and that you not awaken *my* Love until it pleases.

8 ¶ The voice of my Beloved! Behold this, He comes leaping on the mountains, skipping on the hills.

9 My Beloved is likened to a gazelle, or to a young deer, the stag. Behold, *He* stands behind our wall, peering from the windows, sparkling from the lattice.

10 My Beloved answered and said to me, rise up yourself, My love, My beautiful *one*, and yourself come away.

11 For, behold, the winter has passed, the rain has passed, it goes to itself.

12 The flowers are seen on the earth; the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land.

13 The fig tree spices her unripe figs, and the vines give a fragrance *by* the blossom. Arise, My love; come, My beautiful *one*, and come yourself.

14 ¶ My dove, in the clefts of the rock, in the secrecy of the steep place, let Me see your form. Let Me hear your voice; for your voice *is* sweet, and your form *is* beautiful.

15 Take for us the foxes, the little foxes spoiling the vineyards, even our vineyards *with* blossoms.

16 My Beloved *is* to me, and I *am* to Him; He feeds among the lilies.

17 Until when does the day blow, and the shadows flee away? Turn, my Beloved, and be like a gazelle, or a young deer, the stag, on the cleft mountains.

Song of Solomon 3

1 She seeks and finds the Beloved. 6 She glories in Him.

1 ¶ By night on my bed I sought *Him* whom my soul loves. I sought Him, but I did not find Him.

2 I will rise now and go about in the city, in the streets and in the broad places. I will seek *Him* whom my soul loves. I sought Him, but I did not find Him.

3 The *ones* watching going about in the city found me. *I said*, Have you seen *Him* whom my soul loves?

4 When I had passed on from them, *it was* a little while until I found *Him* whom my soul loves. I seized Him, and I did not let Him go until I had brought Him into my mother's house, and into the room of her who conceived me.

5 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, by the gazelles or by the does of the field, that awakening you do not awaken, even that you not awaken the Beloved until it pleases.

6 ¶ Who *is* this who comes up out of the wilderness like columns of smoke, sacrificing *as incense* myrrh and frankincense, from all powders of the merchant?

7 ¶ Behold his bed, Solomon's! Sixty mighty men *are* around it, of the mighty men of Israel.

8 They all hold the sword, instructed in war; *each* man has his sword on his thigh from dread in the night.

9 King Solomon made himself a litter bed of the trees of Lebanon.

10 He made its poles *of* silver; its back *of* gold; its seat *of* purple; its middle was paved *with* love by the daughters of Jerusalem.

11 Go forth, O daughters of Zion, and see King Solomon with the crown *with* which his mother crowned him on his wedding day, even on the day of the gladness of his heart.

Song of Solomon 4

1 He sets forth the graces of His beloved.

1 ¶ Behold, you *are* beautiful, My love. Behold, you *are* beautiful; your eyes *are* as doves' from behind your veil. Your hair *is* like a flock of goats which recline from Mount Gilead.

2 Your teeth *are* like a flock of shorn *sheep* which come up from the washing place; of which they all *are* bearing twins; and be-reavement is not among them.

3 Your lips *are* like a cord of scarlet, and your speech *is* comely; your temples *are* like a piece of pomegranate behind your veil.

4 Your neck *is* like the tower of David, built for an armory; a thousand bucklers hang on it, all the shields of the mighty *men*.

5 Your two breasts *are* like two fawns, twins of a gazelle, feeding among the lilies.

6 Until when the day blows, and the shadows flee away, I myself will go to the mountain of myrrh, and to the hills of frankincense.

7 You *are* all beautiful, My love; a blemish is not on you.

8 ¶ *Come* with Me from Lebanon, *My* spouse; with Me from Lebanon. Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards.

9 You have ravished My heart, My sister, *My* spouse; you have ravished My heart with one of your eyes, with one string of beads from your neck.

10 How beautiful *are* your loves, My sister, *My* spouse! How *much* better *are* your loves than wine, and the scent of your ointments than all spices!

11 Your lips, *My spouse*, drip *like* the honeycomb; honey and milk *are* under your tongue. And the scent of your garments *is* like the scent of Lebanon.

12 A locked garden *is* My sister, *My spouse*; a spring locked up, a sealed fountain.

13 Your plants *are* an orchard of pomegranates with excellent fruits, with henna and spikenard;

14 spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon; with all trees of frankincense, myrrh and aloes; with all the chief balsam spices;

15 ¶ a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters; even flowings from Lebanon.

16 Awake, north *wind*; yea, come, south *wind*; blow on my garden; let its spices flow out. Let my Beloved come into His garden and eat its excellent fruits.

Song of Solomon 5

2 *Open to Me, My sister, My love. 8 She is sick of love. 9 She tells of the beauties of her Beloved.*

1 ¶ I have come to My garden, My sister, *My spouse*; I have gathered My myrrh with My spice. I have eaten My honeycomb with My honey; I have drunk My wine with My milk. Eat and drink, O friends; yea, drink fully, beloved ones.

2 ¶ I sleep, but my heart is waking. *It is* the sound of my Beloved that knocks, *saying*, Open to Me, My sister, My love, My dove, My undefiled. For My head is filled with dew, My locks with the drops of the night.

3 I have stripped off My coat; how shall I put it on? I have washed My feet; how shall I make them unclean?

4 My Beloved sent His hand from the opening, and my bowels sighed for Him.

5 I rose up to open to my Beloved, and my hands dripped *with* myrrh; yea, my fingers flowing *with* myrrh on the handles of the bolt.

6 I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn; He passed on. My soul went out when He spoke; I sought Him, but I could not find Him. I called Him, but He did not answer me.

7 The *ones* watching going about the city found me *and* struck me; they wounded

me; those keeping the walls lifted my veil from me.

8 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my Beloved, what do you tell Him? That I *am* sick *with* love.

9 ¶ What *is* your Beloved above *any* beloved, most beautiful among women? What *is* your Beloved above *any other* beloved, that you adjure us so?

10 My Beloved *is* bright and ruddy, standing out among ten thousand.

11 His head *is like* refined gold; His locks *are* wavy and black as a raven.

12 His eyes *are* as *the* eyes of doves on the rivers of waters, washed with milk, sitting on a setting.

13 His cheeks *are* like a bed of spices, a raised bed of aromatic herbs. His lips *are like* lilies dropping flowing myrrh.

14 His hands *are like* rings of gold filled with jewels; His body an ivory plate overlaid with sapphires.

15 His legs *are like* pillars of marble founded on bases of fine gold; His appearance *is like* Lebanon, being chosen as the cedars.

16 His palate *is* most sweet, and He *is*, all of Him, *One of* desire. This *is* my Beloved, and this *is* my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.

Song of Solomon 6

1 *I am my Beloved's and my Beloved is mine. 4 The graces of His beloved.*

1 ¶ Where has your Beloved gone, most beautiful among women? Where has your Beloved turned? For we seek Him along with you.

2 My Beloved has gone down to His garden, to the garden-bed of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather lilies.

3 I *am* to my Beloved, and my Beloved *is* to me; He feeds among the lilies.

4 ¶ O My love, you *are* as beautiful as Tirzah, as comely as Jerusalem, awesome as bannered armies.

5 Turn away your eyes from Me, because they are disturbing to Me. Your hair *is* like a flock of goats which recline from Gilead.

6 Your teeth *are* like a flock of ewes which come up from the washing place, of which they all *are* giving birth, bearing twins, and bereavement is not among them.

7 Your temples from behind your veil *are* like a piece of pomegranate.

8 Sixty of them *are* queens, and eighty concubines, and virgins without number.

9 *But* My dove, My perfect one is one *alone*. She *is* the *only* one to her mother; she *is* pure to the one who bore her. The daughters saw *her* and called her blessed; the queens and the concubines saw her, and they praised her.

10 Who *is* she who looks down like the dawn, beautiful as the moon, pure as the sun, awesome as bannered *armies*?

11 ¶ I went down to the garden of nut trees, to see the greenery of the ravine, to see whether the vine flowered *and* the pomegranates budded.

12 I did not know, *but* My soul set Me *on* the chariots of My princely people.

13 Return, return, O Shulamite! Return, return, that we may gaze upon you. What will you see in the Shulamite? As it were the dance of two *army* camps.

Song of Solomon 7

1 A further description of the graces of Christ's beloved. 10 His beloved again professes her faith and desire.

1 ¶ How beautiful *are* your footsteps in sandals, O prince's daughter! The curves of your thighs *are* like jewels, the work of the hands of an artisan.

2 Your navel *is like* a round goblet; it never lacks mixed wine. Your belly *is like* a heap of wheat hedged about with lilies.

3 Your two breasts *are* like two fawns, twins of a gazelle.

4 Your neck *is like* an ivory tower; your eyes *like* the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim. Your nose *is like* a tower of Lebanon, peering toward the face of Damascus.

5 Your head *is like* Carmel, and the hair of your head like purple *cloth*; the King *is* held captive in its flowing.

6 How beautiful and how pleasant you *are* in delights, O love!

7 This your stature *is* likened to a palm tree, and your breasts to clusters of grapes.

8 I said, I will go up in the palm tree; I will take hold of its stalk. And please let

your breasts be like clusters of the vine, and the scent of your nose like apples,

9 and your palate like the best wine going down for my Beloved for uprightness, flowing softly *over the* lips of sleeping *ones*.

10 ¶ I am my Beloved's, and His desire *is* toward me.

11 Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us stay in the villages.

12 Let us rise up early to the vineyards; let us see *if* the vine flowers and whether the blossom opens, and the pomegranates bud forth. There I will give my loves to You.

13 The love apples give a scent, and over our doors *are* all excellent *fruits*; new, also old, I have laid up for You, my Beloved.

Song of Solomon 8

1 The love of the beloved to Christ. 6 Love is stronger than death.

1 ¶ Who can give You to me, *as my* brother, suckling the breasts of my mother? *If I* find You outside, I would kiss You. They also would not despise me.

2 I would lead You; I would bring You into my mother's house, *that* You might teach me; I would cause You to drink the spiced wine from the juice of my pomegranate.

3 His left hand *would be* under my head, and His right *hand* embracing me.

4 I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem; why do you awaken; yea, why do you awaken *my* Love until it pleases?

5 ¶ Who *is* this that comes up from the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved? I awakened you under the apple tree; there your mother travailed with you; there she travailed; she bore you.

6 Set me as a seal on Your heart, as a seal on Your arm. For love *is* strong as death; jealousy *is* cruel as Sheol; its flames *are* flames of fire, a flame of Jehovah.

7 Many waters cannot quench love, and the rivers will not overflow it. *If a* man would give all the wealth of his house for love, despising they would despise him.

8 ¶ A little sister *is* to us, and no breasts are to her. What shall we do for our sister in the day she shall be spoken for?

9 If she *is* a wall, we will build a turret of silver on her. And if she *is* a door, we will enclose her *with* boards of cedar.

10 I *was* a wall, and my breasts like towers; then I was in His eyes as one finding peace.

11 A vineyard in Baal-hamon was to Solomon. He gave the vineyard to those keeping *it*; for its fruit *each* man was to bring a thousand of silver.

12 My vineyard which *is* mine *is* before me; the thousand *is* for you, O Solomon, and two hundred for *those* keeping of its fruit.

13 ¶ You who dwell in the gardens, the companions *are* listening to your voice; cause me to hear *it*.

14 Hurry, my Beloved, and be like a gazelle, or a young deer, the stag, on the mountains of spices.